

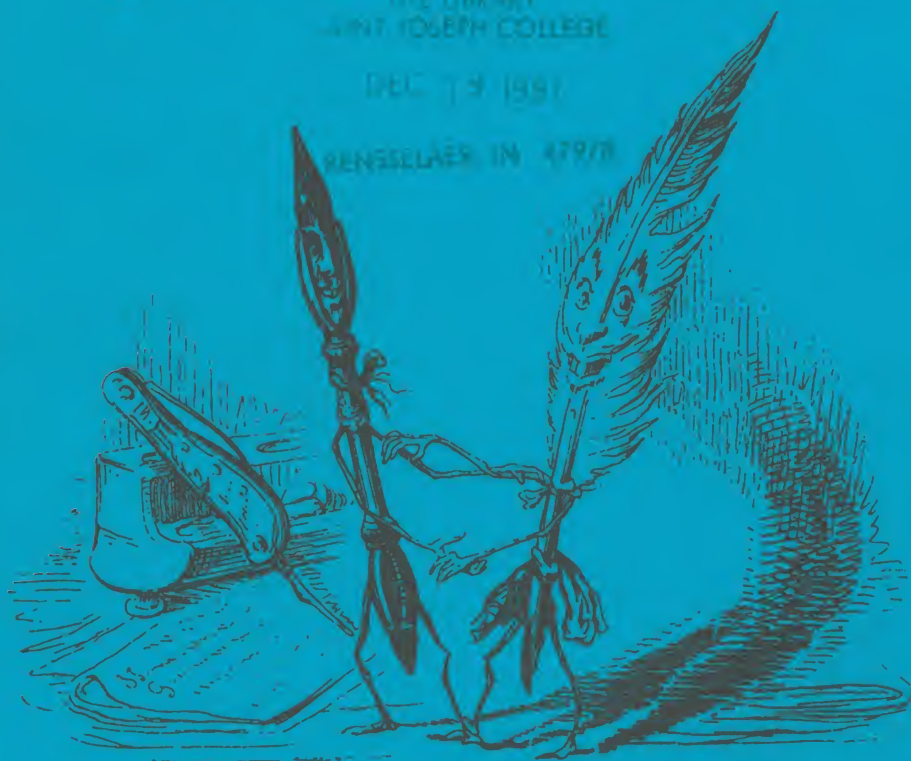
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MEASURE

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Literary Magazine

MEASURE

Fall 1991

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Public Relations
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Staff

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Jonathan Michiels
Cristy Osborn
Greg Potts
Timothy Tracy
Daiv Tuerff
Francis Schwartz
Heather Zimmerman

Advisor

Robert Garrity

Printer

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Cover Design

Sharon M. Vairo
Stephen R. James

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Your Eyes

Becky F.

I woke up early this morning,
looking into your eyes,
and I'm wondering now if you were a dream,
if I even woke up at all.
After you left,
I thought about you,
couldn't get you off my mind:
you don't know what you've done to me
by staying with me last night,
all I know is I can't carry on
without you;
I want you to know I still love you,
stay with me one more night.

I woke up early this morning,
and you were by my side,
I told you how much I loved you,
and you kissed me and smiled.
This isn't just a fantasy,
my dream is coming true,
it seems I've waited all my life
to fall in love with you.

I want to wake up every morning
looking into your eyes,
I want to be in love with you
until the end of time.

Your Dream

Emmy Kreilkamp

i wish i could fly-
leave these limbs like shells
and liberate
the spirit inside
that is aching
longing
and screaming
to be free-

i wish i could sail
up amongst the clouds
surrounded in moonlight
while i reach for that star
that beckons me,
and pulls me towards it-

please-
let me fly
just once
let me soar into the night
and wrap my soul
in the stars-
let me feel the moon's glow
on my face
while the cool wind tingles
my color filled cheeks-

for here-
on this earth
i can only observe
and admire
from a distance-

and as i sit
on this bench, by the water
staring up
into this beautiful mystery-
with a heart aching
and longing
to be up in that world,
here

i can only wonder
wish
and dream.

Terza Rima on a College Campus Years Ago

Robert Garrity

This larch tree bark so rough against my skin
Helps keep my mind attached to earth, although
This dog-eared book I hold invites me in

To worlds beyond the stars and sun. And, lo,
The break from earth and roughened bark begins,
And sun and moon and stars all cease to glow

In consciousness. The printed page now dims,
Now loses its distinct existence too,
As words transmute themselves to sounds of hymns

Heard from the lark that bids me listen to
The Tuscan planting fertile lines for me
To breathe. The springtime leaves on branches do

Await the nourishing that will take place
When autumn drops them in this barren space.

Ghost of a Woman

Christopher Helton

There is the ghost of a woman behind me
Just over my shoulder
Who follows me everywhere I go
She has dark, wind-blown hair
She whispers into my ear

Sometimes I see her at a distance
Her arms extended to take me in
Glowing with a beckoning promise
I push through the tall grass to go to her
All that remains is her whisper:
"Never forget me..." echoes through the trees
That is one promise I don't have to make.

My mind is a haunted house
Full of cobwebs, creaks and moans
There A----- walks across a dusty floor
Pacing around a closed off, locked up room
Years ago I stole a part of her soul
And refused to return it when she left
So there she is...forever a part of me
Haunted by her touch because I volunteered

I see her eyes in the stars at night
And smell her perfume in the morning air
Sometimes when I gaze into a sunset
I can see her standing there on the horizon
Then I notice I am there with her
And turning around I wave to myself
Before being led by the hand into tomorrow

Tuesday

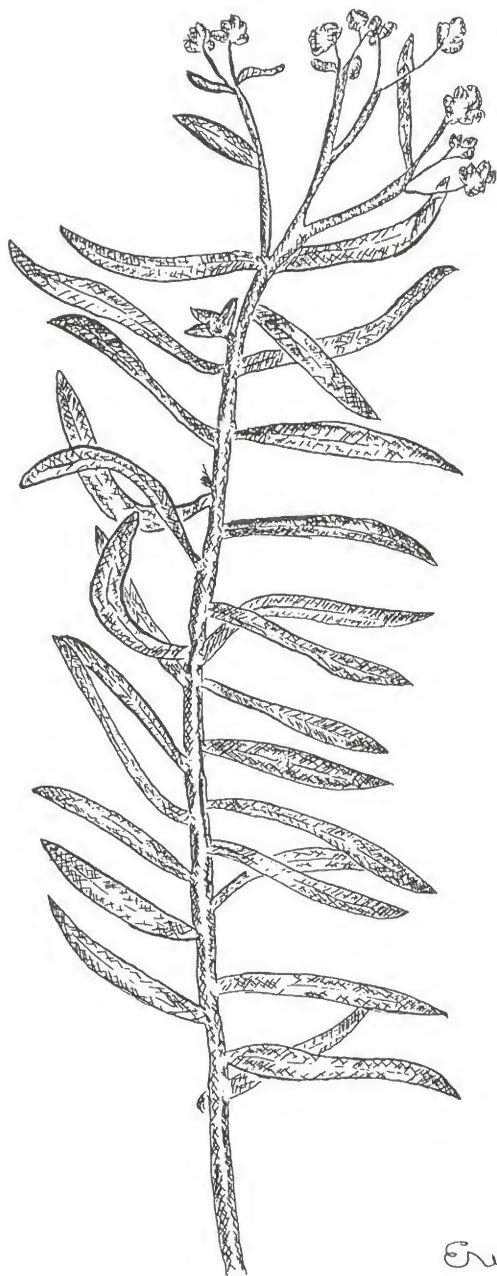
Becky F.

Staring out a window
into the gray
of the world outside,
storm clouds gathering
in the middle of the day
above roofs
and trees' tops.

Wondering
if my heart will ever be liberated,
if I will ever be free
because I feel trapped
behind this window
as if in a prison,
waiting to be let out.

Silence,
driving me crazy,
giving me
too much time to think
about life
beyond these walls,
encouraging my desire
to go out and explore.

The calendar says it's Tuesday,
every day is the same to me
and I'm lost here
between their monotony
of months and weeks
as the day of my release
draws nearer,
but slowly, as if each minute
lasts longer than a year,
with my salvation always so far away,
and the day forever Tuesday.



Erwin M. Maloney

Blind

Jason Beres

We look for peace through killing men
we look for origin where we've never been
we look for joy in paper and pill
we look for love in bar room swill
we look for knowledge within a book
we look for thanks as gluttons and crooks
I look for sounds inside of me
and seek to end hostility,
but most of all, I look for sight
to guide me through the depths of night

Discovery

Jason Beres

You stood and watched
you could have been there
but you weren't
the world wrapped itself around you
like a carousel
yet you were outside of it all
Sometime, one time, must've been
during childhood
a warm summer day
you were unmistakably thrown
from the merry-go-round
Where are you now?
What are you left with?
What are you looking for?
lying in the tall grass somewhere
sat down in the dirt
so undone and beautiful



Ein Maler

Excerpt from "Images From Cleveland"

Christopher Helton

Father and daughter walk hand in hand
Down the crowded grey sidewalk
As they approach I hear them
Conversing in secret tones
Words meant only for their ears

They come closer and I notice
How much alike the two are
She is a scale model of the father
With the same
Hair, eyes, glasses and lips

As she grows older--
Will she fade into the same nothingness
That rests upon her father
Like a tattered and used raincoat?

prism

Emmy Kreilkamp

my heart is full of glass,
of fragile crystal dreams-
so be careful.
i could not bear
to see my precious soul
shattered.

but you did not hear me.
you held pieces of my soul
in the palm of your hand-
you were fascinated
with their dazzling beauty
and uniqueness.

but then your short attention span
took over your kind soul-
you forgot the promises
you made
once
so sincerely.

you not only broke a crystal dream
or two-
but rather
you took your club
of pride
of power
of "freedom"
and destroyed me.

you smashed my world,
my dreams-
that were once so precious
to you,
your once sincere promises
caught on fire
combusting from your lies-
your deceit.

the pain you caused
left my heart charred

and my dreams savaged.
my world that was once
filled with glass-
that dazzled
with the sunlight
and filled my soul
with color

has been reduced
to a pile of ash,
shattered pieces of my soul
that now
only faintly sparkle
in the moonlight.

Redundancies

Daiv Tuerff

As an English major, one of the unwritten laws that should never be broken is Stay Away From Redundancies! Now, I never really gave the idea much thought until I saw, written on a paper that was just handed back to me, in some illegible red ink, "REDUNDANT." I can not remember what I wrote, but I realized that what I wrote did indeed sound quite stupid.

I have recently been thinking just how much redundancies plague the English language. By paying extra close attention to my own speech, and others, I have compiled a fair plethora of them.

While listening to a half-drunk friend telling me a story the other day, I could not help hear him mention that it happened in a "brief moment." I said to myself, "That's redundant." I paid it no mind and listened. He continued his story, which was boring me, so I said, "Well, what was the 'end result'?" Fortunately, his drunken state overlooked the error of my statement and paid it no mind, but from then on, I paid close attention to what I was going to say.

Another instance of this desecration of the English language occurred during the war. One reporter spoke of an Iraqi outpost being "totally annihilated." I thought to myself, "Annihilate pretty much covers it." That would be like having two corpses next to you and saying one is more dead than the other. The same goes with "forever and ever." You've summed it up with forever. "Ever" is not necessary.

Oh, my friends, there are a great deal more where those came from. How many times have you come out of a pool "soaking wet?" Have you ever taken a class which teaches you the "basic fundamentals" of something? And of course, how many times have you gone down to the "grocery store" to pick up some "tuna fish?"

Unfortunately, these language atrocities are going to be around for a long time. There may be no end to the seemingly endless amount of them. There may or may not be anything that can be done about it. One way you can help is by thinking about what the hell you say first! So don't ever say you were "enclosed within" something.

Remember this: the next time someone calls you a "stupid idiot," just look at him or her and say, "Well, at least I'm not the one who's being redundant!" That should faze him or her for about half an hour, or at least until that stupid idiot can look up the word "redundant" in the dictionary.

Straight-jacket Disco

Jonathan Michiels

we were at a party in the country
drinking vodka and punch from glass tumblers
as my friends to you acted so bluntly
their well dressed pious selves, me humbler

your parents were having you committed
strange boy, I felt so very bad for you
in your straight-jacket forcibly fitted
as to your nature they hadn't a clue

longed to be at your side instead of theirs
we cavorted in pleasure, you were scared
we quaffed drinks in the cottage's upstairs
about me I fear you couldn't have cared

they took you, I cracked a funeral laugh
and turned to my friends by the phonograph

Why Do You Haunt Me, Malawi? (The Sojourn Continues)

Edward P. Habrowski

You teem with life.
It is green.
It is magical.
It is ever mysterious.
It is ever lived.

You cry to be free.

But your time is short.
And the now is in the past as the present unfolds into
tomorrow.
All within a milli-second and at the same time all within a
century.

May you be blessed like the prodigal son,
And the prostitute.
Go and sin no more!
Rise up oh precious and poor people,
Don't let HE dominate you.

Think back to your birth,
Know the cradle where you awakened
And when the spirit of your life went forth.
And the world now knows that the black seed became
flesh and
spread near and far to color the globe with multi-culture
rainbows.

But now the envelope of death is being sealed.
Your green fields of coffee, sugar, tobacco and tea will
not
blossom.

Your churches will be empty on Sunday,
Your mosques will not call you to prayer on Friday.
Your babies will die without crying.

Your elders reflect around the open evening fire under
the
moonless sky.
Gazing, as they drink their home brew,

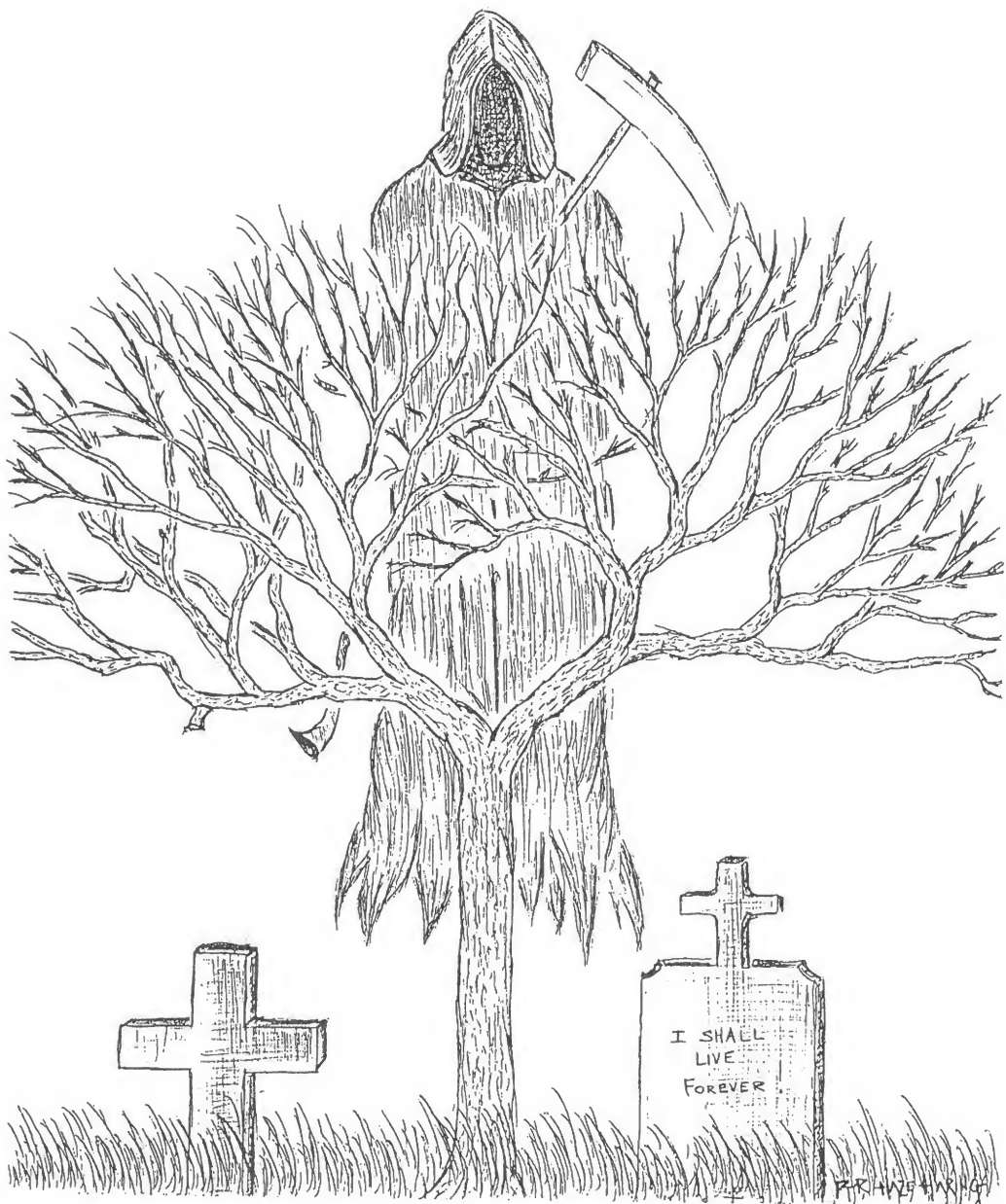
they wish for the days when,
the birthing times,
the initiation rites, and
the wedding day
brought life to a family, a community and
assured the continuation of the village and a way of
life
and living.

You embody
a worldview bent on today
on the social graces of entertaining with tea and
cookies.
A worldview where the past is cherished and where the
future
holds no true course.

But come and cleanse me in the Shire River.
Show me how to be free.
I long for the day when your people who hold other
worldviews
will be free from the prisms of darkness.
I count the months and years when the daughters and
sons of the
human(services) sciences (economic, social, political and
gender justice) will enter you like sentinels and free
you
to be the promised land for your people and a model
for the
nations of the world.

You teem with life.
It is green.
It is magical.
It is ever mysterious.
It is ever lived.

You cry to be free. And I continue on my sojourn.



into the night

Emmy Kreilkamp

like the blood hungry vampire
you stalk your prey
to satisfy you-

you entice them
you paralyze them
in beauty,
rivet them
with mystique-

you pull them
into your darkened room
and sink your teeth
into their waiting
reaching
wanting neck-
and blood spills
like wine
from a shattered glass
when she screams.

you pierce my tender heart
drain my precious blood-
my life,
and fly
on webbed wings
into the darkness-
into the night.

The Pardoner's Son

Jason Beres

There I was in front of the court,
"Will the jury convict me?
Is there no doubt?
Will I live or die?
Will justice be carried out?"

And the emerging from the crowd of reporters outside
came a handsome young man with a smile in his eye.
He said, "Come ever here, I'm the pardoner's son.
I can buy you some time and my fee will be none."

That I couldn't believe;
I said, "That can't be right!"
He said, "Believe what you hear and things turn out all
right.
I can leave you the key;
I'll be by here tonight.
You can pack up your things
and be quick out of sight."

So for that I said, "Great, but won't I be caught?"
He said, "Rest easy, man. I'm the pardoner's son."
When the next morning came I awoke to the heat
of the morning sun shining, and right next to me
by my cell bunk was an old-fashioned, gold-plated key.
I was careful to hold it and dropped not a sound
as I unlocked my cell and streaked out of town.

When I finally stopped, I was so far away
that they'd never find me, but I felt like today
I should look up that boy and send him a line.
He came through for me. Now I'm doing no time.

I was ready to call when a slap hit the ground.
It was some little kid with a paper he'd found.
He said, "Look at this, mister. You want it to read?"
I flipped him a quarter and thanked him indeed.

When I opened the paper, I found on page one,
in massive bold type, the pardoner's son.
He had taken the rap and was doing for me
what I should be doing 'cause I left back his key.

I went back to court for a bargainer's plea.
I said I was sorry: "Don't blame him! It was me!"
But the judge wouldn't listen, said it as a crime
for his boy to wrong justice and he'd do his time.

As they all left the courtroom, a tear in his eye,
the pardoner's son looked at me with a sigh.
Then he smiled and said, "Buddy, I know you're all right,
but now it's your turn to stand up and fight."

And I wondered just how he'd forgiven me that day,
for it was my hell that the man had to pay.
So I left the old courthouse with a bruise on my pride,
inflicted by me, for I'd nothing to hide.

But I did, so the pardoner's son suffered, you see,
before release after three days on a technicality.
The lesson I learned that I'll never forget:
Believe in the Son and accept what you get.

Blind

Jason Beres

We look for peace through killing men
we look for origin where we've never been
we look for joy in paper and pill
we look for love in bar room swill
we look for knowledge within a book
we look for thanks as gluttons and crooks
I look for sounds inside of me
and seek to end hostility,
but most of all, I look for sight
to guide me through the depths of night.

Journey

Becky F.

Go wherever your heart leads you,
let no one hold you back,
follow your dreams
and fulfill every one of them.
That is all the advice I can give you
to make the journey of your life easier,
I can only hope it lightens your load.
I won't tell you not to worry,
I already know that you will,
but if in your heart you know something's right,
be sure to follow it through.

And don't be afraid to break down and cry,
we all need to cry now and then,
but don't then be afraid
to ask for the comfort you need,
when you need it.
Your heart will tell you where to go,
that's how you will know you are right,
just follow that instinct determinedly,
wherever it takes you,
and it's all you'll ever need.
And love, yes, remember that
because you'll need it too,
and just a little love given away
will be multiplied many times back to you.

The road you see before you
will be long and sometimes grim,
but don't you give up along it,
because in the end you'll win.
Just follow your heart wherever it leads,
down every dusty road,
and wherever you go
for the rest of your life,
you'll be happy.

The Rain Taps

Matthew Ard

The rain taps on my window.
I ask who's there with no reply.
The rain taps on my window.
A wailing voice that cracks the sky.
The rain taps on my window.
I cry softly and ask him why.
The rain taps softly on my window.
I yell to him and ask him gone.
The rain taps on my window.
It seems to speak until the dawn.
The rain taps on my window.
Repeating taps in rhythmic song.
The rain taps on my window.
The rain taps on and on.

That Is Why I Never Go Out To Clubs

Jonathan Michiels

because it's a den of destitution
and an exceedingly filthy venue
what will come of rough boy's lewd emotions?
pray tell, with me they have nothing to do

so dreary, disgusting me every time
I venture out oh so stupid and blind
to all which awaits me, handfuls of grime
"do tell about the nothing on your mind!"

when I go I fancy planting a bomb
in a handbag in the thick of the crowd
"are you expanding on words?" no, on Tom
dreary conversation drones on too loud

besides all that, I'm in love with myself
and am monogamous, she's after pelf



only a stranger

Emmy Kreilkamp

i see a stranger
across the grass,
he carries himself so confidently
and his hair bounces with his step.

i see the stranger
smiling and talking
with those around him
his laugh is carried
on the warm spring breeze-
yet it rings in my ears.

i see this stranger
walking towards me
on this desolate path-
his eyes hide from me
as though my gaze,
full of love,
is unbearable.
a sudden glance and a hopeless smile
is all my soul receives.

this kind face
that once kissed my lips,
this warm heart
that once loved my soul,
is now
only a stranger.

him

Emmy Kreilkamp

i see him
walking at such a fast pace,
with such large strides-
he seems so confident,
yet so alone.

i see him
also collapsed in her arms-
his eyes bleeding with tears,
his heart torn, and broken.
he lies defenseless-
begging for care,
for security,
for love.

i see him
dancing in the sunset,
running towards that field
with her-
when they reach that familiar site,
arm in arm they stand
in silence.
they are surrounded
in color
in the aura
of the setting sun-
and of their love.

i see him with another
but not her-
whom he once loved.
she walks alone
in the night
lost in a reverie of him

for now-
his once open soul
that was once so warm and sincere
has turned her away-
his legs
that once ran and danced with her

are broken with pride
his arms
that once held her
are crippled with confusion
his heart
that once loved her
is calloused with cruelty.

"How Many Times Was Caesar Stabbed"

Jonathan Michiels

Julius awaiting coronation
upon his secular throne in fine robes
for that my Lord, give Brutus damnation
for little daggers in Caesar's heart probed

pray tell, how many times was Caesar stabbed?
as I'm sure it is a finite number
count the knife wounds in his cadaver slab
God, wake Caesar from heavenly slumber

Oh how I loathe you, his best friend Brutus
killed your Emperor, blood stained rags for gown
evil doer, prototype of Judas!
pray in Caesar's blood may your vile head drown

I was him, oh Lord the pain won't avail
from his treacherous friend style betrayal

Parallel Universe

Jason Beres

Somewhere on the other side
she sits and stares
into her sky
she cries
and water falls from her eyes
like the dew from the
flower of many petals.
Like many, she wonders

about why
like you and me
and questions answered
that we fail to see.
But she is special.
Dripping from her eye
is a flower
not any petal.

the abrupt storm

Tim Tracy

the sun is lost in the hazy sky,
the wind is strong while the trees
are shaking to the side,
thunder is rumbling in my ears,
and my eyes are fighting against
the wind.

as i take cover, the water is
falling quickly, along with
effortless balls dropping from
the atmosphere.

while they fall, they are melting
like illuminated snowflakes,
and the sky is opening into a
colorful portrait of life.

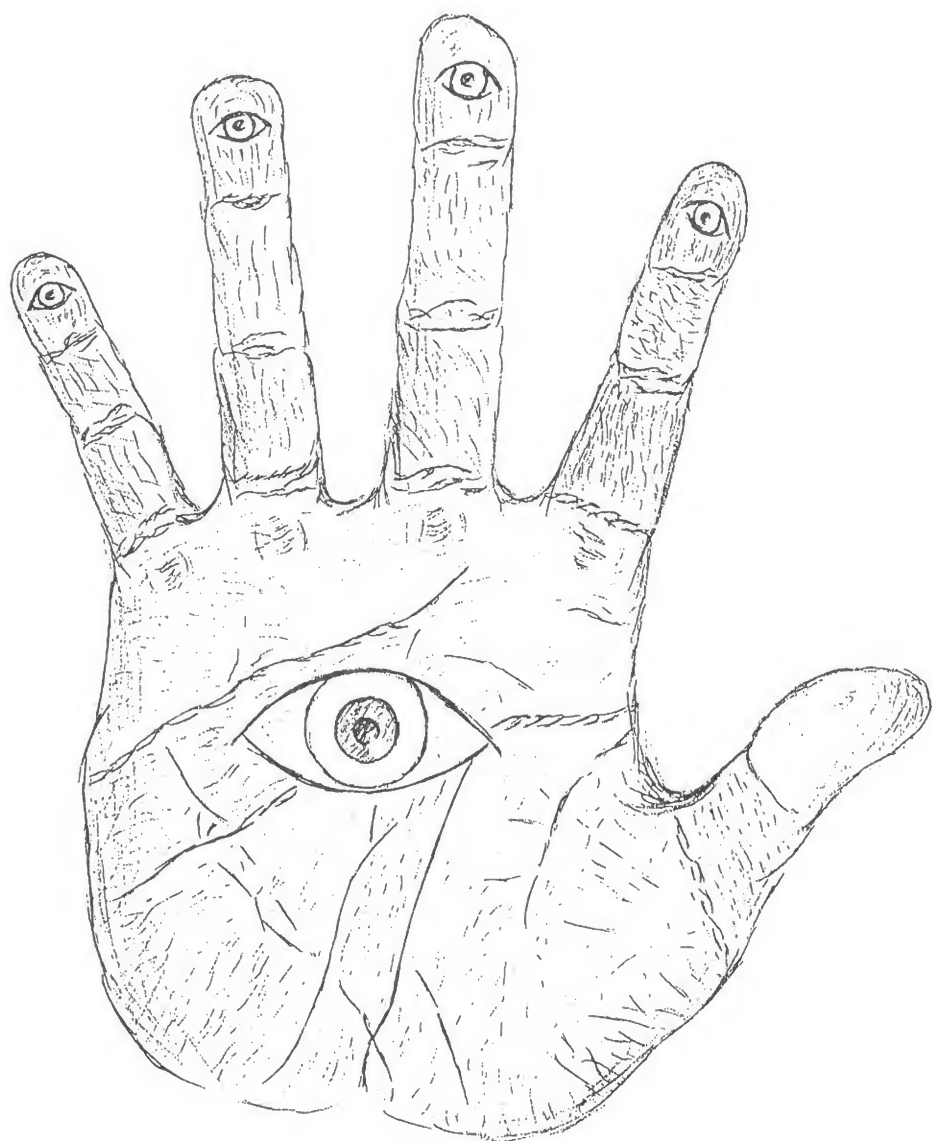
the water has restrained,
and life has commenced again.

The Same

Jason Beres

Let's do something new
and pretend I am me
and you are you.
It'll be real scary
to let down your guard;
act like yourself
try real hard
to be what you hide
with unbelievable stealth
the you inside
my dear
is what you fear
though it contains your wealth
(you're in for surprises)
You can't you say?
I know your kind.
They act as they may
deny the truth they find,
and hate the way
that they most intelligently stay
safe, sane, and same.
(Life is full of surprises, isn't it?)

and free
leaping through the tall grass
so full of everything and hope
Where are you now?
like a rusty toy uncovered
sat in the dirt
so essential
so perfect just left
alone in the tall grass.



HAR HAZE HARING

Star-Gazing

Christopher Helton

Tell me what you're thinking about
You're just so quiet lying over there
What is it that you see in those stars you're staring at
The inky sky stretches out over us
As we lie here on this lonely highway
Gazing up at the stars and trying to find ourselves

You float up above us reaching for the stars
Reaching for the freedom that you want to find
Even in the darkness I can see the desire
Burning with a cold flame in your eyes

I touch you in the darkness but it is
Like reaching through you without being felt
By the way you react to my touch
Without a smile, tear, or movement

Standing again, getting up off the pavement
You look up at me and stare into my eyes
And I see those cold flames burning holes into me
We kiss again by reflex drawing each other close
But the passion has faded from our kisses...

Despicable Life

Jonathan Michiels

I find that in this life there is no one
must I murder someone to be famous?
kill a New Kid on the Block with a gun?
Fame is natural, this is monstrous!

Everyone I see does really bore me
but still I fawn at the petty persons
the passionless dead ones that I see
so sick am I, I could love a Gorgon

is this life, why don't we destroy it all?
this realm which some so called "god" hath done made
with his eyes closed inside the shower stall
and there isn't any style on this land.

won't anyone hear me nor read my poems?
it's funny and I laugh when I'm alone

Believe

Mary Barga

Take my hand and hold on tight
I can help, just believe
The hate and anger; the sadness and loneliness
Shall all soon disappear
Just believe, believe in me.

Follow me and I will show you the way
I can take you to places you only wish for
Peace and happiness, joy and love
Is waiting here for you
Just believe, believe in me

When you stumble and fall
I will be there to lift you up
Hold on tight and never let go
For with me you can not go wrong
Just believe, believe in me.

**when my death comes, and it will, I'm going to
sleep forever**

Jonathan Michiels

when my death comes, and it will, tootle-lou
may it come swiftly during the dark spring
may it wash over me like a wave too
tootle-lou, let it be marked by strange things

English school-girls singing at my window,
in the morning, lullabies that lead me
away from my earthly home to meadows
of my life's after-glow, sweet and eerie

through fields of lavender and white mist
catching whiffs of the aroma of death
forgot what life I lived, only the gist
in this foggy valley of my last breath

to lie on Morpheus's flower-bed
on the forest floor's fragrant ground I'm dead

He Comes To Me

Becky F.

Graceful, as on dancer's legs, he comes to me,
and holds me so I fear I'll lose my breath,
and he presses his lips against my own
and he kisses me.
Silently, and in the still of the night,
he gently caresses my face
and he whispers in my ear, "You are beautiful,"
and my thoughts are only of him.
All my senses are alive and grab hold of him:
his look, his feel, his scent,
every part of him as he holds me oh so close
in the dim light of the room.
And every night he comes to me
and holds me in his arms,
and together we lose ourselves
in this bliss.

In the cold of the morning he leaves me,
promising me one more night,
and I go to my window to watch him
as he dances out of my sight.
All day I sit at my window,
waiting for darkness to fall,
but it never comes soon enough.
And when the night comes,
my heart pounds
as I anticipate his return,
so I can once again feel loved in his arms.

Last Night I Sought What I Know Will Never Happen

Jonathan Michiels

underneath D.H. Lawrence's Rainbow
 spiritful rebel Victorian girl
 kisses her imperial colonel so
and lo' their mutual love doth unfurl

it's sad for I know I'll never touch it
will never hold near such bags of flour
next to me in the dark English forest
 to be loved at some unseemly hour

alas characters in books have no blood
and yet they love and are loved in buckets
pray tell, how many Cupid pierced hearts flood
 for her thorny heart for to unpluck it?

fountains of red blood flow o'er my white blouse
at last! my unquiet dreams hath been doused

English is Best

Jonathan Michiels

Save the sterling from unification
raise the drawbridge against the common set
No culture death of the English nation
Shakespeare vomits in his grave you can bet

Lewis Carroll rides the doubledecker
penning verse in the city of the deft
London on the crown side of the checker
"King Me," you'll speak French soon...so few years left

Morrissey records in a castle now
He's like if Lord Byron had made records
to love my language, give a solemn vow
that gave form to my pain in lovely words

The half-witch of Cherwell travels by boat
keeps round her always a protective moat

an explanation why

Tim Tracy

moons dance across waters,
swept by night's breeze,
sounds of serenity,
echo through forest trees.

moonglow shimmers,
against darkening skies,
green growing meadows,
appear a snowy white.

these are times to sit
and reflect,
upon what has been and to
expect.

nights like these
help us to realize,
that life is not seen
merely through our eyes.

much is experienced,
felt deep within,
subconscious ideals
of what should have been.

words dance across verses,
swept by our dreams,
sounds of serenity
echoed in our poetry.

Desperation

Becky F.

So many desperate people
out in the streets tonight,
wishing on stars
because that's all they have left
to believe in.
All their dreams have left them,
all hope is gone away,
their tears have carved lines
of the tracks they've fallen down
on each face.
We're all looking
for our little niche,
the place where we fit in,
but desperation makes us believe
we'll never find it.
And more desperate faces, with haunted eyes,
staring out of windows
of the prisons they have chosen
to limit themselves to.
Those who have outgrown
the place they thought they wanted,
and maybe they did want it
once upon a time,
but they don't have the courage
to leave now.

A sense of not belonging,
of tears spent and unheard,
is all I feel
in the air around me,
smothering me almost.
This is the feeling
that ruins people,
making them unable to love, pushing them down one last
time from which
they will never again stand up.
Desperation,
bringing us to our knees,
to pray for a better way to live
and willing the sun to shine
and bring back the hope we've lost.

And maybe tomorrow will change
and bring with it
an end to this desperation,
and save us from our fate
of wandering in this darkness:
this is our plight.

The World's Ills

Tito Ilarraza

Nobody is responsible and everybody's sorry.
Out of the clear blue sky came an awful cry:
Oh! let's just watch the whole world go by.
Oh! let's just watch the whole world go by.
Let them live a dog's life while we live a charmed life
Seems to be the philosophy of this life.

While I follow you to the world's end
You will become my best friend
And we shall get the short end,
God defend your people to the bitter end,
Diamonds are a girl's best friend
And the poor boy's broken heart will mend.

Our future's looking bright
Out of the dark into the light
Yeah right!
That will never happen overnight.

I know better than to do a bit of this
And a bit of that
Not combat.

Shall we proceed with the devil of greed?
That's the last thing I need.

Elvis Presley's Blue Holiday

Jonathan Michiels

Darla Garland leaned against the dime store's counter with a pair of replica Cinderella glass slippers on her feet. Darla's toenails were painted in alternating colors of pink, purple and green so that rainbows were formed at the tips of her glass slippers.

"One large container of Morton Salt," said Mr. Brand the Five and Dime's owner, "will that be all Darla?"

"Yes sir," Darla said politely and plunked down a brand-new 1972 Eisenhower silver dollar.

"That'll be two silver dollars," demanded Mr. Brand. "But sir, the sign only said one," Darla insisted nervously. She all of a sudden had to go to the bathroom. Mr. Brand swung around the counter, in his Ben Franklin Store apron, and headed to the condiment section. In front of Darla's drooping eyes, Mr. Brand flipped the one dollar sign around.

"There, it says two dollars," quipped Brand snottily, "did'ja flip my sign around Darla?" Darla said nothing and with her head hung in embarrassment, she followed Mr. Brand back to his nickel and copper plated cash register. She gave him another Eisenhower silver dollar, "What'cha got in them pockets?" asked Mr. Brand.

Darla looked down and felt the bulging pockets on her yellow dress. "Nothing Mr. Brand," she said innocently enough.

"Empty 'em out on the counter now!" Mr. Brand barked at the intimidated girl. Darla spilled her pockets over the counter, the contents included a glow-in-the-dark Jesus nightlight, a lucky rabbit's foot, a cut-out doll of Elvis Presley and a regular doll of daredevil Evel Knevel.

"If you please sir," said Darla and curtsied, "I must hurry home as my mother has soup on and I'm watching an Elvis Presley film at three o'clock," Darla explained to the miser.

"Ok, I've seen enough, put your things back in your pockets,"

snapped Mr. Brand, "do you want a bag for the salt?"

"No," answered Darla. She felt like a thief when it was sshe that had been robbed. Darla Garland gathered her charms and tucked her container of Morton Salt underneath her arm upside down. Out of her gark green eyes she watched a happy boy as he rode upon a Mr.

Peanut mechanical rocking machine inside the store. Forlorn, she watched a boy and a girl quaff one big glass tumbler of Green River soda out of two straws. The children slurped and giggled at one another as they spun upon the red vinyl and stainless steel swivel stools at the fountain's bar.

Darla bent down to retrieve her clear pink plastic umbrella from the dime store's green and white checkered floor. She felt a throbbing sensation in her temples as she did. When she stood up, Brand's Five and Dime was all misty and blurred from the tears that swelled in her eyes. She clamped her eyelids shut like two little Venus Flytraps and seven tear-drops sprinkled her rosy flush cheeks. Darla had 1930's style, short, sassy, black hair and her full, curved lips were as red as rubies. Her eyes were nothing less than shadowy but flawless green emeralds. Her eyelashes were long and wet with her salty tears. She was a cross between Judy Garland and Darla from the "Little Rascals." Mr. Brand glared at Darla's glass slippers and multi-colored toenails as she left the dime store.

Darla opened her umbrella, as it was pouring out, and started down the sidewalk towards home. Her twenty-six ounce container of Morton Salt had opened up so that its contents poured out as she walked along. It was raining gumdrops, jelly beans, Good 'N' Plenties, Now 'N' Laters and Dots, outside in the thunderstorm. "On the Good Ship Lollipop, it's a sweet trip to the candy shop where bon-bons play, on the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay," sang Darla along with the voice of Shirley Temple inside her head. Darla idolized old Shirley Temple and had quite a few of her records and all. She had the special antique records made of clear red vinyl.

Scores of inflatable grey French poodles, stuffed toy kittens and candy, wafted down from the ominous rain-clouds to be deflected from her umbrella. Darla emulated the Morton Salt Girl and spilled her salt just like the girl on the container. Of course the girl on the container spilled her salt just like the girl on her container. The daisy-chain of salt girls went on ad-infinitum.

"Darla, if you so much as put one foot in my yard, my dog is going to eat you up!" screamed a voice at Miss Garland from a screened in front porch. An old woman, with very blue hair in the shape of a Dairy Queen soft-serve ice-cream cone, restrained a vicious Airedale on a leash.

"I'll bet that witch would like to eat me up!" thought Darla under her umbrella, "your house is made of gingerbread," whispered Darla out in the candy storm. She had visions of being roasted like Hansel and Gretel inside the woman's oven. Darla's juke-box of a head switched from "On the Good Ship Lollipop," to "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head."

"That image disturbs me so much, " thought the blue curlyqued haired woman, "how can she nonchalantly go skipping around and singing like that when her sand is running out, I'll give that careless day-dreamer something to worry about by golly! Sick 'em, sick 'em!" The malevolent witch sent her rapid dog after Darla, who was now only two doors down from her home. Darla frightened, had to go to the bathroom again and started crying. Her glass slippers made loud clacking sounds as she fled the gargantuan Airedale. The storm whipped itself up into a frenzy as Milk Duds, candy--canes and toy Red Baron airplanes hailed upon Darla. A gust of wind then filled her umbrella and jerked her up into the air like Mary Poppins, as she was very light. Darla hovered above her chimney when she spied a tornado, made of Swiss Miss Chocolate Pudding, that headed towards her. Darla peered down the sooty black tunnel and beheld with horror the fire which glowed in the hearth. The wind gave out and she plummeted down the chimney having left her pink plastic translucent umbrella as a cap on top of her smokestack. "I am not the Big Bad Wolf, I am not the Big Bad Wolf!" yelled Darla as she slid down the ash laden chute.

Darla came to rest in the passenger's seat of Elvix Presley's 1962 Lincoln Continental en route to San Jose, California. Presley's coiffure was that of a jet-black pompadour, vinyl like with grooves. His bangs were combed up into a tidal wave updo. Elvis wore a sky-blue James Dean style windbreaker and brown Levi's jeans. His Continental was sparkling white on the exterior while the interior was done in sumptuous, plastic-coated baby-blue leather. A miniature record player protruded from the dashboard which spun the platter, "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?" by Dionne Warwick.

"I bet I'd hear a beautiful melody if I ran a record needle through your hair," said Darla mesmerized by Presley who was covered with silver glitter.

"Thank-you kindly honey," intoned Elvis, "now don't think I'm complaining, because I'm mighty glad that we

met, but you're getting gumdrops all over my monogrammed floor mats!"

"So so sorry," blushed Darla as she batted her Venus Fly-Trap like eyelashes, "say Elvis, do you know the way to San Jose?" Elvis smiled like a Cheshire cat at Darla and the two began to sing along with the clear blue vinyl forty-five inch record disc which spun on Presley's turntable.. Their Continental rolled down along California's Pacific Coast Highway and passed a sign which read, "Welcome to San Jose, California," in a glittery gold-French-style script against a powder-blue background.

A Learning Experience

Emmy Kreilkamp

when i tell you
of my hurt,
of my anger-
that i shouldn't be bitter-
but how can i refrain
how can i continue

my lips that were once
painted with kisses
are now chapped
from neglect-
now harsh words
that spill off my tongue
are all that they touch

my soul that was once
alive with happiness
is now tormented
in death
with solitude
with regret.

my heart that was once
warmed with sincerity-
your love-
is now bitter cold
with deceit-
again.

if this is a learning experience
like you say
i'd rather be ignorant.
for the light of knowledge
which you soak up
and enjoy
burns my fair skin
and tender heart.

please,
don't make me learn-
i don't want to know

hurt and pain-
again.

leave me in the dark,
in the shadows
that have become my personal shelter-
until a soul
who is searching
will find me-
naive,
in the dark-
waiting.

Untitled

Emmy Kreilkamp

why do you draw me
into your arms
with every gaze
that rivets my soul
and stirs my hunger
but freezes my body?

why do you lure me
into your grasp
when you know
that you will turn
and leave me-
like a child that runs
happily
into her mother's arms
and is told of her father's death,
after she played all day
ignorant
and in vain

she is no longer
innocent-
naive,
just as
i have learned
your ways
your spells-
but it is too late-
for you have taken
my innocence
my love
and fled



the refugee

Tim Tracy

refugee,
trying to refrain,
from falling victim
to society's shame...

refugee,
struggles to be free,
from the bias
and the burden of poverty.

road weary from sleepless nights
of fleeing the city's plight...

society's debris,
swept from sight,
in hopes that god will not see,
how we treat our brothers,
in their time of need.

refugee weeps,
and his family huddles scared, alone,
continuing their climb,
from the depths of futility.

a never ending effort,
to reach the sun,
while forever fleeing from society's
war,
such a needless atrocity.

Never

Emmy Kreilkamp

i know the meaning of never
i learned it in school-
"Never play outside after dark,"
"Never cross the street alone."

i know the meaning of never
i've heard it from my mother-
"Never forget to wear your seatbelt,"
"Never come home late again."

i know the meaning of never,
i've said it once or twice--
"You'll never be my friend again,"
"I'll never again speak to you."

i know the meaning of never
i've had to learn in life-
"Never again return to high school,"
"Never live at home again."

i know the meaning of never,
but somehow, today-
i didn't understand
i didn't know what to say
i didn't know what to do
i didn't know how to feel,
when you told me
 my heart,
 my love-
 never.



At The Dance

Tito Narraza

At the dance I sat on a
wooden chair staring at the
girl dancing over there.

She wore a green dress up to
her knees; she had what
people call incredible
style. I must admit I felt
rather pleased, I felt
rather vile.

At the dance my drink was
almost finished and
the poor girl slowly began
to diminish.

The music in the air was
wild and ugly and rare to my
ears.

"Allow me to introduce
myself, my dear!"
My hand caught, my face
slapped, then my lips kissed

That's what I wanted,
I wanted this.

At the dance I wandered
around and never danced--
watching the girl in green
kissing my friend,
watching them blend.

What happened then?

What always happens!
What always happens!

Quietly

Frances L. Schwartz

I see you:
You are lying down,
Looking through the
 leaves.
It is cold and dark;
The wind is
 gentle,
And the sky is
Black, clear, and filled
Endlessly with little twinkles.

I sit near you;
I look into your eyes.
Your eyes are like the sky,
Black, clear, and filled
Endlessly with little twinkles.

Is it a reflection,
Or is it someone?

What has put those
Twinkles in your eyes?

Quietly you begin;
Quietly I listen.

She is like a rose
In your eyes,
Quietly that never dies.

Quietly you finish;
Quietly I sit.

I look up;
It is cloudy and sinister;
The wind is
harsh.

Quietly I leave
In the wake
Of the roaring wind.

Quietly,
After I leave
I see
One bright twinkle in your eyes.

